

SOUTH PARK EPISODE ? "MR. HANKEY"

By

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INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Before the bell has rung. Cartman, Kenny and Stan are seated. Kyle enters.

KYLE

Hey, I just took the biggest poo.

CARTMAN

That's cool. So I guess it's on it's way to France, huh?

STAN

France? What the hell are you talking about, Cartman?

CARTMAN

My mom says that's where everyone's poo goes, because French people eat it.

KYLE

That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard!

CARTMAN

Oh yeah? Have you ever smelted French people?

The BELL RINGS. Mr. Garrison enters.

MR. GARRISON

Now then, children, do any of you have questions about yesterday's lesson on the Tet Offensive?

Kyle raises his hand.

MR. GARRISON (cont'd)

Yes, Kyle?

KYLE

Mr. Garrison, where does poo go when you flush the toilet?

MR. GARRISON

Kyle!! Human excrement is filthy, shameful and just... evil! You should never even think of it, much less talk about it!

KYLE

But Mr. Garrison, don't you poo?

CONTINUED:

MR. GARRISON
No!! I don't! No one does! It - it
doesn't exist!

The class blinks.

EXT. SOUTH PARK AVE - DAY

The Boys come upon Chef, who is building some kind of kiosk.

BOYS
Hey Chef.

CHEF
Hello, Children.

CARTMAN
What are you doing, Chef?

CHEF
Getting ready for the big event, of
course.

The Boys blink.

CHEF (cont'd)
Oh, children, haven't you heard? South
Park is having its first annual Film
Festival. There's gonna be films, movie
stars, Movie Studio Executives, and an
appearance by the festival's founder, Ms.
Barbara Streisand!

CARTMAN
I think some homosexual people like her.

CHEF
This festival's gonna make me a small
fortune. Tomorrow, thousands of fancy,
rich people will come cruising in, and
I'm gonna have the only barbecued rib
stand in town.

KYLE
That's cool. Where does poo go when you
flush the toilet?

CHEF
Poo?... Well, Kyle, I can't say for sure.
The government'll tell you it goes to
some kinda treatment facility, but I
don't buy that for a minute. You ask me,
there's something funny about poo.

CONTINUED:

STAN
(laughing)
Yeah, poo cracks me up!

CHEF
No, not ha-ha funny. I mean strange kinda funny. Children, I think there's a whole side to poo we've never seen.

KYLE
Hey! I've got it! We'll go down to the sewer, and we'll see what really happens to it!

STAN
Cool! Let's go!

Stan lifts up a manhole cover. Kenny, Kyle and Stan start climbing down the hole. Cartman starts to climb down, but gets stuck.

KYLE
Come on, Cartman!

CARTMAN
Uh, I just remembered. My mom says I'm not allowed to go down to the sewer.

KYLE
You're stuck, aren't you, fat-ass?

CARTMAN
Screw you!

CHEF
Don't worry, son. I've got just the thing.

Chef whips out a large tube of KY Jelly and starts lubing up Cartman.

CARTMAN
AY! What the hell is this crap?!

CHEF
The greatest invention ever known to man. Believe me, with this stuff, you can squeeze into places you never thought possible.

CARTMAN
Now listen, this is completely immature, and-

CONTINUED: (2)

Cartman slips through and falls.

CARTMAN (O.S.)
Sonofabiiiiiiitch!!

INT. SEWER - LATER

The Boys walk through a dark, dank, cavernous pipe. The floor is muddy and mucky. They have reached a junction of several pipes.

STAN
Dude, I give up. We've been walking for hours. It just keeps going.

KYLE
(sighs)
Yeah, I guess we should just go back.

STAN
(pointing to a tunnel)
I think we came from that way.

KYLE
(pointing to a different tunnel)
No, wait - I think we came from that way.

CARTMAN
We're lost! I don't friggin' believe this!!

KYLE
Chill out, dude. We'll find our way out.

CARTMAN
No we won't! We're gonna die! YOU KILLED ME, YOU SONOFABITCH!!!

STAN
Dude!

CARTMAN
(apoplectic)
We're gonna friggin' die in here!! Game over!!!

KYLE
(Stan)
Wow, Cartman's totally freaking!

Kenny cracks up as Cartman starts rolling around in the sewage, hysterically shrieking.

CONTINUED:

CARTMAN
Mommy! Momeeeeeee!!!

STAN
Hey! Look!

In the distance, a small CREATURE appears to be rowing towards them in a little canoe.

KYLE
What is that?

Kenny tightens his hood.

STAN
It looks like... No - it can't be!

KYLE
Oh my God!!

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

1st COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. SEWER - CONTINUOUS

The creature is almost upon the Boys.

KYLE
Is it what I think it is?

It is a living piece of human excrement who wears a sailor's hat and gloves. He is singing a song.

CARTMAN
Jesus Christ! It's a singing piece of shit!!

CREATURE
You're absolutely right, young man! Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Mr. Hankey. Welcome to my home.

The Boys just blink in astonishment.

MR. HANKEY (cont'd)
Ah, perhaps you boys were looking for a more formal introduction. Maestro, if you would!

BOUNCY MUSIC starts. Mr. Hankey pulls out a cane and does a soft-shoe number for the Boys:

CONTINUED:

MR. HANKEY (cont'd)

I'm corny!
I'm nutty!
But I'm still everyone's buddy
And the reports you've heard are true
I'm just a crazy old piece of poo!
I once was a pig or a bird or a cow
But you chewed me up and squeezed me out
and look at me now!
From what your body don't need, I grew
I'm just a crazy old, lazy old, fert-lize
the daisy-old
Just a crazy old piece of poo!

Mr. Hankey takes a bow. There is a pause, but slowly the boys start to CLAP.

KYLE

Mr. Hankey, my name's Kyle.

MR. HANKEY

(reaching out to shake hands)

Hi Kyle, it's nice to meet you.

Kyle stares fearfully for a moment at Mr. Hankey's hand, then shakes.

KYLE

(shaking hands)

Uh, it's nice to meet you, too.

CARTMAN

(laughing)

That's sick, dude.

KYLE

Mr. Hankey, I'm confused - Mr. Garrison said that poo was a bad thing.

MR. HANKEY

Well, some people fear what they don't understand. You see, poo is as much a part of the natural world as a field of heather, the song of a hummingbird, or the water which cascades down a snowcapped mountain.

STAN

So I guess poo is a beautiful thing, huh?

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. HANKEY

Well, of course - it comes from inside of you, doesn't it? And someday, you'll go inside of poo.

KYLE

Really?

MR. HANKEY

You bet your beavertails! After many glorious years on earth, you boys will eventually die. Maggots and rodents will eat your flesh, and excrete you, just as someone excreted me.

CARTMAN

No! That's a goddamn lie! There's no way I'm ever gonna be a piece of shit!

KENNY

Mpm mfm nmfm nm.

Kenny, Stan, Kyle and Mr. Hankey all laugh.

KYLE

But Mr. Hankey, doesn't it suck living down here in the sewer with all this crap?

Mr. Hankey looks a bit hurt.

KYLE (cont'd)

Oh, sorry.

MR. HANKEY

Kyle, I wouldn't have it any other way. Sure, we may not have much air or sunshine down here, but what we do have, is solidarity.

STAN

Solidarity?

MR. HANKEY

That means we conquer our problems by working together.

KYLE

Like how?

CONTINUED: (3)

MR. HANKEY

Well, any time I'm in trouble, I just give a holler, and my brethren come to my aid.

Mr. Hankey does a PRIMAL JUNGLE CALL and beats his chest a la Tarzan. Poo rises up from the sewer floor, bands together in formation, and lifts Mr. Hankey up in the air!

STAN/KYLE

Whoa, dude!

MR. HANKEY

That's what poo is all about, kids. Community, sharing, and helping one another.

CARTMAN

What a surprise. Hippie democrat talk coming from a smelly piece of crap.

KYLE

I think it's beautiful, dude.

MR. HANKEY

I'm glad you feel that way, Kyle. Still, the sewer is no place for you boys to spend your lives, so let's see if we can't get you home.

Mr. Hankey makes a signal and special CALL to the poo. Suddenly, the boys, like surfers, are riding a wave of poo which carries them down the long tunnel, back to whence they came.

KYLE

(calling from the distance)
You're the greatest, Mr. Hankey!

TV SCREEN - DAY

The TV Reporter is outside the South Park Civic Center. The town is veritable carnival of activity. A large banner suspended over the main thoroughfare reads "BARBARA STREISAND'S SOUTH PARK FILM FESTIVAL." Fancy people and fancy cars populate the streets. Paparazzi snap photos.

REPORTER

I'm reporting to you live from the South Park Film Festival, where the rich and famous now walk among this quaint village.

CONTINUED:

A glittery female celebrity steps out of a stretch limo. A LITTLE BOY runs up to her. She smiles.

REPORTER (cont'd)

Although divided by a great socioeconomic class distinction, the humble folk of South Park and the wealthy people of Hollywood seem to be getting along, well, famously.

The little boy reaches out to shake hands with the celebrity. Three BEEFY SECURITY GUARDS slam the little boy against the hood the car, spread his legs and cuff him.

EXT. CHEF'S KIOSK - DAY

There is a huge line of Hollywood types at Chef's humble little stand.

CHEF

Welcome, welcome to South Park, my lovely Hollywood crackers!

(to the first customer)

Ma'am, can I tempt you with some baby back ribs? Most succulent on the entire eastern slope.

DAWN STEELE TYPE

I'd like a wheat gluten burger with soy cheese and alfalfa sprouts.

CHEF

You wanna wheata-what?

DAWN STEELE TYPE

And do you have fresh arugula?

CHEF

A-who-gula?

DAWN STEELE TYPE

How about cous-cous?

CHEF

Whose goose?

EXT. SOUTH PARK CIVIC CENTER - DAY

The Boys are walking the streets, checking out the scene.

STAN

Dude, look at all these Hollywood people!

CONTINUED:

CARTMAN

Who cares? Hollywood's just a bunch of phony, untalented losers.

The Boys have come upon the INTERACTIVE MOVIE STUDIO EXECUTIVE EXHIBIT.

MAN

Step right up, boys. Pay a quarter, and you can see what it feels like to be a real Movie Studio Executive.

CARTMAN

Kick ass!

Cartman pays a quarter and climbs aboard. He sits in a leather recliner, at a large desk with a telephone and a coffee mug. The phone RINGS, and Cartman answers.

CARTMAN

Hello?! Who's this?! AY!! Do you have any idea who you're dealing with?! I don't care what Peter Guber says! I'll rip his freakin' head off and crap down his throat!!

Cartman takes a sip from his coffee mug.

CARTMAN (cont'd)

(spitting out coffee)

Jesus Christ! What the hell is this crap?

(hurling the coffee mug at Kenny's head)

I asked for Sweet and Low, not Equal!

(back to the phone, shrieking)

You tell that sonofabitch if he doesn't get me the rough cut by the morning, I'll punch his mouth off!!

Cartman slams down the phone.

MAN

Time's up young man.

CARTMAN

(to the guys)

Hey, can somebody loan me another quarter?

Wendy saunters up.

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDY

Hey Stan, you're coming with me to the Women's Independent Film Experiment, right?

STAN

Uh, sure. What is it?

WENDY

It's a special series of films which explore the unique intimacy of female relationships.

CARTMAN

Hey, I think my uncle has a bunch of those movies at home.

EXT. A THEATER - LATER

A marquee reads "Womens' Independent Film Experiment." Below reads: "NOW SHOWING: 'JOANIE AND THE GINKO FARMER.'"

INT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Along with Stan and Wendy, we watch the artsy, black and white film, in which two women are bathed in moonlight, standing by jagged cliffs, overlooking the ocean. Stan rolls his eyes with boredom, while Wendy wipes tears from hers.

JOANNA

Margaret, I - I just don't think I can have sadomasochistic lesbian sex any more.

MARGARET

Oh, Joanna. Don't you see? You've become everything you used to hate!

Joanna suddenly has an epiphany.

JOANNA

My God, Margaret. You've made it all so clear to me now! I will continue to have sadomasochistic lesbian sex!

STAN

Wendy, I'm bored.

WENDY

Then obviously you're just not sophisticated enough to perceive the beauty in the richly textured dialogue.

CONTINUED:

STAN

(sincerely)

Oh. I thought it was because this movie
sucks. Thanks for explaining that.

WENDY

Sure.

EXT. CHEF'S KIOSK - DAY

DON SIMPSON TYPE

You're telling me you've never heard of
tofu? What kind of chef are you??

CHEF

(throwing down his apron)

Now that tears it!! I'm sick of being
insulted by you Hollywood people! I serve
food, dammit! Honest to goodness American
food! Meat and potatoes! Now if any you
don't like it, you can kiss-my-sweet-ass!

Chef bends over and displays his ass for Hollywood to kiss.
After a moment, he turns around to discover that everyone is
gone.

CHEF (cont'd)

(calling out to them)

Fine then! But I don't know where the
hell you think you're gonna find that
wheata-tofu-falfa-cous-cous-whosa-fudge
crap around here!

EXT. ANOTHER KIOSK - CONTINUOUS

The marquee reads "NED'S FAMOUS WHEATA-TOFU-FALFA-COUS-COUS-
WHOSA-FUDGE." Scores of Hollywood types with wads of cash mob
the place.

NED

One at a time. One at a time.

EXT. CHEF'S KIOSK - DAY

Chef breaks down his stand.

CHEF

Damn Hollywood jackasses. What the hell
am I supposed to do with 2,000 dollars
worth of meat?

SPIKE LEE walks up.

CONTINUED:

SPIKE LEE
Hey, blood.

CHEF
Spike Lee!!

SPIKE LEE
Well, well, what a surprise, seein'
whitey stick it to a brother.

CHEF
Three hundred years and still strugglin'.

SPIKE LEE
Mm hm. My bruthah. And you know it's
goin' down every day in the 'hood. You
know that.

CHEF
Tries a man's soul. Hey, how about some
chitlins?

SPIKE LEE
Chitlins? What's that?

CHEF
What's chitlins??

Chef looks perplexed. He studies Spike's face intensely for
several moments.

CHEF
Wait a minute... Wait just a fudgin'
minute!

Chef grabs a napkin and scrubs Spike's face. Spike's face
turns white!!

CHEF (cont'd)
Great googly-moogly! You're whiter than
rice!

Spike is mortally embarrassed. He looks from side to side,
then flees.

CHEF (cont'd)
Oh man! These Hollywood folks have got to
go. This place was better off with the
aliens!

The Boys drop in.

CONTINUED: (2)

BOYS

Hey Chef.

CHEF

(despondent)

Oh. Hello children.

STAN

What's wrong, Chef?

CHEF

Well, children, me and Hollywood didn't exactly see things eye to eye.

KYLE

I know someone who can cheer you up.

CHEF

Who's that?

KYLE

Mr. Hankey. He's a living piece of poo we met in the sewer. He sings and dances and teaches us about life.

Chef blinks.

INT. SEWER - LATER

Chef and the Boys walk through the pipes.

STAN

Hey, do you guys notice anything strange?

CARTMAN

Yeah. We're in a tunnel full of crap for the second time this week. I'd say that's pretty friggin' strange.

STAN

No, I mean all this weird stuff growing from the walls.

Strange weeds and algae grow from the walls. The sewer floor is muckier than it was on their previous visit.

KYLE

(noticing)

Mr. Hankey!

The boys have come upon Mr. Hankey. He looks weak and sick. Strange weeds and objects grow from his body. It takes all of his strength just to paddle his canoe.

CONTINUED:

MR. HANKEY
(breathless, frail)
Hello, boys. I'm sure glad to see you.

CHEF
Well paint me white and call me Dom Deluise! It really is a talking piece of poo! I knew there was somethin' up that stuff!

(looking closer at Hankey)
Tho' I gotta say, that's the unhealthiest lookin' piece of poo I've seen since my trip to Calcutta.

CARTMAN
(to Mr. Hankey)
Yeah, dude, you look like shit.

MR. HANKEY
Well, boys, I'm afraid what ails me is that which ails all of modern Western civilization. Greed, insensitivity, and vanity.

(grabbing his tummy)
Oh! Excuse me!

Mr. Hankey opens a little door in the wall, enters, and shuts the door behind him.

STAN
What's he talking about, Chef?

CHEF
Hollywood, children. I think that's who's making Mr. Hankey sick.

KYLE
But how?

CHEF
Well, you got a piece of poo in a small town with folks who eat meat and potatoes. Next thing, a bunch of self-centered assholes come barging in, eating that wheat-gluten-seaweed-arugula crap, not even thinking about what it does to eco-environment in the sewer.

A TOILET FLUSHES. The door in the wall opens, and Mr. Hankey steps out, holding a newspaper under his arms.

MR. HANKEY
I'm afraid the Chef is right, kids.

CONTINUED: (2)

KYLE

What are we gonna do, dude? We're not poo veterinarians.

CARTMAN

Why don't you give him mouth-to-mouth?

KYLE

I'll save that for your MOM, you fat bastard!

CARTMAN

AY!!

STAN

Is he gonna be okay, Chef?

MR. HANKEY

He'll be alright - if the Hollywood people leave soon.

A little piece of Mr. Hankey falls off and SPLASHES on the sewer floor. Mr. Hankey looks slightly embarrassed.

CHEF

But it better be real soon.

KYLE

But what if they don't leave? I don't want you to be sick, Mr. Hankey...

(starting to cry)

...You're my friend.

CARTMAN

Dude, he's a piece of shit!

2nd COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. TICKET WINDOW - DAY

The sign reads "FOUR FILMS FROM WAR-TORN BOSNIA." A little bird lands on the counter by the lonely TICKET CLERK. PAN over to the second window, "MOVIES WITH BIG, BIG BOOBIES." The line stretches around the block.

INT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

On screen is a movie featuring women with gigantic boobies. BRIAN GRAZER and the Don Simpson Type are among the audience.

CONTINUED:

BRIAN GRAZER

(sighs)

You know, Don, this movie seems to have nothing but big, big boobies.

DON SIMPSON TYPE

Enormous boobies. It's an outrage. I hope they give the Best Film Award to a more artistic type film.

BRIAN GRAZER

Yeah, those are the good kind of films.

KYLE (O.S.)

Stop! Stop everything!

Kyle bounds onto the stage. The film stops; the lights go on; the audience BUZZES.

KYLE (cont'd)

People of Hollywood, I must have your attention! You've all got to leave South Park immediately!

SCOTT RUDIN TYPE

What? Barbara Streisand doesn't even arrive until tonight. We can't leave before Babs arrives!

Everyone in the audience audibly agrees.

KYLE

Screw Barbara Streisand! There's something much more important at stake!

SCOTT RUDIN TYPE

What could be more important than Barbara Streisand?

KYLE

A dried up piece of crap.

BRIAN GRAZER

Young man, what the hell are you talking about?

Emotional music swells.

KYLE

You see, there's a little piece of poo who wears a sailor's cap and lives in the sewer. His name is Mr. Hankey.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYLE (cont'd)

Now maybe he's not a big, important movie executive, and maybe he never wrote an ingenious movie script like "Contact", but he's got wisdom, and more heart than you'll ever know. But you're clogging the sewer with your weirdo Hollywood poo, and making him sick.

BRIAN GRAZER

Why, that's a fascinating story, young man!

KYLE

Really? So then you understand?

BRIAN GRAZER

Absolutely. Something should be done about this right away.

KYLE

Thank you, Mr. Hollywood Producer! Thank you for caring!

BRIAN GRAZER

Now, instead of piece of crap with a sailor's hat, what if he was a monkey?

The audience BUZZES.

KYLE

Huh?

DON SIMPSON TYPE

Yes! A monkey! And the monkey is a nunchucks expert!

The audience BUZZES again.

BRIAN GRAZER

Right, right! And the monkey and Bruce Willis bust open a counterfeiting ring!

The audience BUZZES again.

SCOTT RUDIN TYPE

Yes, and the monkey's favorite musical is "Guys and Dolls."

Dead silence.

After a moment, the audience starts BUZZING again.

CONTINUED: (3)

BRIAN GRAZER
I love it! I'll buy the script for
\$250,000 on 500!

KYLE
Script?
DON SIMPSON TYPE
\$750,000!

KYLE
(storming off the stage)
It's useless. They think it's just some
dumb movie idea.

STAN
Don't worry about it, dude. They'll be
gone soon, and Mr. Hankey'll get better.

KYLE
I can't believe that Hollywood people are
such total assholes.

CARTMAN
Yeah. If any Hollywood dude came up to
me, I'd be all like, "AY! I'll slap you
so hard, your legs'll be coming out of
your mouth, and your head'll be up your
ass, and people will be all like... 'Hey,
there's that... leg-mouthed, ass-headed
sonofabitch!'"

Stan, Kyle and Kenny walk off. Brian Grazer approaches
Cartman.

BRIAN GRAZER
Young man, I'm Brian Grazer, a big,
important movie producer. I'd like to put
the Mr. Hankey story on the fast track.
Do you happen to know who wrote it?

CARTMAN
The whole thing was my idea.

Suddenly, a table is set up. Waiters appear, cigars are lit,
and Cartman and Grazer are doing lunch, Hollywood style, in
the middle of the street.

BRIAN GRAZER
Kid, I rarely say this, but Mr. Hankey is
a guaranteed hit. Your protagonist has
such an irresistible ethos.

CONTINUED: (4)

CARTMAN

Kick ass!

INT. A PUBLIC BATHROOM - DAY

Kyle enters, takes a stall, and sits on the toilet.

KYLE

(to himself)

Maybe Stan's right. All the Hollywood people will be gone soon. Maybe Mr. Hankey can just hold out 'til then.

An eerie, plaintive voice sounds:

VOICE

Help me...

KYLE

Oh my God!

Kyle gets off the toilet and looks in the bowl.

KYLE (cont'd)

Mr. Hankey! Is it you?!

VOICE

Help... me...

KYLE

I will, Mr. Hankey! I'll find a way!

Kyle takes off. A moment later, he returns. He flushes the toilet, then takes off again.

EXT. THEATER - DAY

Stan and Wendy are walking along.

STAN

Hey! Look!

The marquee reads: "NOW SHOWING: THE ADVENTURES OF MR. HANKEY."

STAN (cont'd)

It's the "Mr. Hankey" movie! We gotta go see it, Wendy!

CONTINUED:

WENDY

Don't bother. The New York Times said "it's overly inspired by the French New Wave, and underinspired by biographical fact."

STAN

So, I guess we'll just see another lesbian art film then, right?

WENDY

Right.

PAN to the W.I.F.E. marquee, which reads: "NOW SHOWING: 'THE NIGHT BELONGS TO PLEBETHA.'"

INT. THEATER - DAY

Along with Stan and Wendy, we watch another artsy, black and white movie, in which two women are bathed in moonlight, looking across the river at the Manhattan skyline.

PLEBETHA

Melissa, my husband doesn't approve of the necrophiliac interspecies sodomy we've been having.

MELISSA

Very well, Plebetha, but remember, a great lady once said that if you don't fight for what you believe in, you never believed in anything.

PLEBETHA

Who was that woman, Melissa?

MELISSA

It was YOU, Plebetha.

PLEBETHA

Oh, Melissa. How could I have been so blind? I will continue to have necrophiliac interspecies sodomy!

STAN

Wendy, this film sucks.

WENDY

You're just too immature to understand it.

STAN

I am not immature.

CONTINUED:

Stan FARTS. In an attempt at austerity, he tries not to laugh. But slowly a smile spreads across his face as he starts to convulse with giggles.

Kyle runs in.

KYLE

Stan, we can't wait any more. Mr. Hankey needs us!

EXT. SOUTH PARK AVE - DAY

Cartman and Brian Grazer argue.

CARTMAN

Goddammit! You promised me a co-executive producer credit.

(holding up a Variety)
And now I gotta find out in the trades that you're a stinking liar!

BRIAN GRAZER

Cartman, my hands were tied. Penny Marshall said-

CARTMAN

AY! I'll slap her face!

An ELECTRONIC RINGING SOUND.

CARTMAN (cont'd)

Hold on a second.

(answering a cell phone)
Yeah?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Chef, Stan, Kenny and Kyle are at a phone booth. Kyle talks to Cartman on the pay-phone

KYLE

Cartman, we gotta go see Mr. Hankey. He might be in serious trouble.

CARTMAN

Look! I'm a Hollywood Movie Executive now. I can't waste my time standing around looking at some piece of crap!

A DIRECTOR TYPE approaches Cartman.

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR TYPE
Hey Cartman, I'd love you to see the rough cut of my midget fighter-pilot movie.

CARTMAN
Sweet.

INT. SEWER - LATER

Chef and the Boys (sans Cartman) jog through the tunnel.

CHEF
Come on, children, we've got to hurry.

STAN
Mr. Hankey!!

Mr. Hankey is slumped over in his canoe. He's weedy, dried out and almost white.

KYLE (cont'd)
(grabbing Mr. Hankey, shaking him)
Mr. Hankey! Speak to me! Let me know you're alive!

Mr. Hankey slowly opens his eyes.

MR. HANKEY
The tofu... please... stop the tofu...

CHEF
There's only one hope, children. Barbara Streisand arrives tonight. Now, the rest of Hollywood might be a bunch of inhuman bastards, but she's different. Barbara Streisand is a beautiful, caring human being. When she sees how sick Mr. Hankey is, she'll tell all the Hollywood people to leave.

KYLE
Did you hear that, Mr. Hankey? You're gonna be okay. Barbara Streisand is gonna make everything better.

EXT. A CLEARING - LATER

The whole town and the Hollywood visitors have gathered to greet Babs, who will soon arrive by helicopter.

CONTINUED:

MR. GARRISON
Isn't this exciting, Mr. Hat? Barbara Streisand will be here any minute!

MR. HAT
Barbara Streisand is a filthy hooker.

MR. GARRISON
Mr. Hat!!

MR. HAT
...in the movie "Nuts."

MR. GARRISON
Oh, right you are, Mr. Hat.

EXT. ELSEWHERE IN THE CROWD.

Wendy walks up to Stan.

WENDY
Dude, you totally flaked on me! You just missed the final screening in the Womens' Independent Film Experiment series.

STAN
I'm sorry, Wendy. I just don't get those films.

WENDY
(sighs)
I guess it's hopeless.

We hear an approaching HELICOPTER.

VARIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE
Look! It's Babs! Here she comes!

A white, pristine, femininely shaped helicopter lands. The door opens, and out walks BABS. The whole town CHEERS. Suddenly, a little fox runs by.

BABS (cont'd)
Oh! What a beautiful little fox!

One of her SECURITY MEN shoots it dead, then drapes it around Babs' neck like a stole.

BABS (cont'd)
Thank you, Jennings.

DAWN STEELE TYPE
She is so classy.

CONTINUED: (2)

25.

Babs steps up to the mic at the podium.

BABS

Well, what an adorable little town!

Everyone CHEERS.

BABS (cont'd)

And the fact that I chose such a wonderful place for a film festival is an achievement for all women.

Everyone CHEERS.

BABS (cont'd)

In fact, South Park is so wonderful, I'm going to sell my place in Telluride and move here permanently. What do you say, folks? Who's joining me?

Everyone CHEERS.

KYLE

Ms. Streisand!

Kyle breaks through the crowd and reaches Babs. He is holding Mr. Hankey, who is wrapped in white linen.

KYLE (cont'd)

Ms. Streisand, our small, simple town can't handle thousands of people moving in.

(shoving Mr. Hankey in Babs' face)

Look what it's already done to this piece of poo.

BABS

Aaah!! How dare you!! Get that vile piece of excrement away from me at once!

KYLE

Ms. Streisand, poo isn't vile!

Kyle now has the attention of the whole town.

KYLE (cont'd)

Poo is the very center of our universe, the paradigm of life's eternal cycle. For poo comes from the fruits of the earth, and through our bodies, will return to the earth.

CONTINUED: (3)

BABS
I still say it's vile!

KYLE
But why, Ms. Streisand? When poo is sad,
does it not weep? When poo is pricked,
does it not bleed?

CARTMAN
(calling from the audience)
No... IT'S FRIGGIN' POO!!!

BABS
Enough!! I don't want to hear that word
ever again! It's horrid and beastly, and
it reminds me of Elliot Gould!

KYLE
Please, Ms. Streisand. You and your
friends must leave South Park before it's
too late. Mr. Hankey could die!

SECURITY MEN try to haul Kyle away. Babs hops in a sparkling,
white limo, and takes off.

KYLE (cont'd)
(to the security men)
Hey! Let go of me!

Kenny tries to intervene. One of the Security Men socks him,
sending him careening into the side of the helicopter. The
helicopter starts to take off, and apparently, Kenny is
caught on the landing gear by a strap on his jacket. He
struggles to break free, but the helicopter goes higher and
higher.

KYLE/STAN
Jump, Kenny! Jump!

Kenny tries to jump, but the strap holds him back. Now he is
too high to jump safely.

KYLE/STAN (cont'd).
Don't jump anymore, Kenny!

The strap on Kenny's jacket breaks. Kenny plummets to the
earth and splatters.

KYLE
Oh my God! They killed Kenny!
(shaking his fist at the
chopper)
You bastards!
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (4)

KYLE (cont'd)

(to Mr. Hankey)

You can't die now, Mr. Hankey. I can't lose two friends in one day.

MR. HANKEY

Kyle, you've fought hard for me, and for that, I'll always be grateful... but the fight is over. Hollywood won, and we lost.

Stan steps in.

STAN

You're just giving up? Oh, Mr. Hankey! Don't you see? You've become everything you used to hate!

MR. HANKEY

Stan, I've had a wonderful life, but I'm too tired to fight anymore. I'm at peace with the Lord.

STAN

Fine, Mr. Hankey, but remember, a great man once said, "If you don't fight for what you believe in, then you never believed in anything!"

MR. HANKEY

(trying to recall)

Who... who was that man?

STAN

It was YOU, Mr. Hankey.

MR. HANKEY

My God... You're right. Suddenly, it's all so clear to me. I know now what I must do.

WENDY

Stan, you did learn something from those films after all!

STAN

I did?

MR. HANKEY

Lord, give me strength.

Mr. Hankey harnesses every last ounce of energy he's got, and does his PRIMAL JUNGLE CALL, beating his chest a la Tarzan.

INT. SEWER - CONTINUOUS

The poo begins to rise up.

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

The marquee reads: "SOUTH PARK FILM FESTIVAL AWARDS CEREMONY." Tons of media and spectators mill about. A giant limo pulls up. Cartman and Brian Grazer, both in tuxedoes, step out.

BRIAN GRAZER

Well, Cartman, "The Adventures of Mr. Hankey" has been getting a lot of buzz. If we win tonight, we'll have the eyes of Hollywood upon us, and do you know what that means?

CARTMAN

Do you got any more Snacky Cakes?

BRIAN GRAZER

(handing Cartman more Snacky Cakes)

It means more money than you've ever known.

CARTMAN

(biting into his Snacky Cake)

Sweet.

BRIAN GRAZER

It means you can treat your friends like garbage.

CARTMAN

Sweet!

BRIAN GRAZER

It means you can sit on your fat ass all day watching TV, and your mom can't tell you to get up and get a life.

CARTMAN

(drooling, almost psychotic)

SWEEEEEEEEEET!!!

INT. SEWER - CONTINUOUS

The mass of poo travels through the sewer.

INT. THEATER - LATER

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, the founder of the South Park Film Festival, Barbara Streisand!

Everyone APPLAUDS.

BASS

Good evening. Before I present the final award, I would just like to say that children in some of those countries with the Chinese-looking people are starving.

Everyone APPLAUDS.

BABS

And now, the moment you've all been waiting for, the award for best film.

Everyone APPLAUDS.

Cartman closes his eyes and crosses his fingers.

BABS (cont'd)

And the nominees are... "Joanie and the Gingko Farmer"...

Everyone APPLAUDS.

CARTMAN

Please, please, please...

INT. SEWER - CONTINUOUS

The poo is heading somewhere in a hurry.

INT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

BABS
"The Night Belongs to Plebetha"...

APPLAUSE.

Cartman is about to implode with excitement.

BABS (cont'd)
And, of course, "The Adventures of Mr. Hankey"...

APPLAUSE.

CONTINUED:

BABS (cont'd)
And the winner is...

Babs opens the envelope.

CARTMAN
(freaking with anticipation)
Eeeeeeeeeee!!!

Suddenly, there is a loud RUMBLING coming from the ceiling. Babs looks up. BOOM!!! A flood of poo gushes from a pipe in the ceiling and splatters Babs! The audience SCREAMS. Babs just stands there, dumbstruck and bug-eyed, like Carrie. The poo keeps flooding in.

The SCREEN SPLITS into 3 frames, a la Carrie. FRAME 1) Babs stands on stage, dumbstruck, covered in poo. FRAME 2) The audience hysterically flees the auditorium. FRAME 3) Cartman screams "Noooooooooooooo!!!!"

MR. GARRISON
Oh my God, Mr. Hat! Human excrement! How awful!

EXT. SOUTH PARK - NIGHT

Kyle holds Mr. Hankey, who now appears to be at death's door. Chef and Stan are gathered around.

KYLE
Come on, Mr. Hankey, give me a sign!

MR. HANKEY
(delirious)
...Please... Stop the coucous...

KYLE
I think he's cold.

STAN
I've got an idea!

Stan reaches out towards an object in the snow. A flashlight type device gravitates into his hand. Stan switches it on - it's a light saber.

STAN (cont'd)
This may smell bad, kid, but it'll keep you warm 'til we get some shelter up.

Stan uses the light saber to slice open Kenny's corpse like the Ton-Ton scene in The Empire Strikes Back.

CONTINUED:

STAN (cont'd)
(holding his nose)
And I thought he smelled bad on the
outside.

Stan puts Mr. Hankey inside Kenny's corpse. Cartman storms up to them.

CARTMAN
(to Mr. Hankey, inside Kenny's
corpse)
Goddammit!!!!!! What the hell is wrong
with you, you piece of SHIT!!

STAN
Dude!! He's dying!

CARTMAN
Good! He ruined everything! Just when
Barbara Streisand's gonna announce the
first prize, a big pile of crap falls on
her head, and everybody leaves!

KYLE
Hey! It worked, Mr. Hankey! You did it!

Mr. Hankey gives a very weak smile. Chef and the boys look knowingly at each other - they know it might be too late for Mr. Hankey.

KYLE (cont'd)
Mr. Hankey? If you can speak, please tell
me...who did you...come from?

MR. HANKEY
(very weak)
...Look within your heart, Kyle...You'll
know the answer.

KYLE
Oh, Mr. Hankey!

CHEF
Let him rest, Kyle. This piece of poo is
in God's hands now.

CARTMAN
Sick, dude!

3rd COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. SEWER - A WEEK LATER

The Boys visit with Mr. Hankey. "Get well" cards and flowers decorate his home. Mr. Hankey recuperates in a little hospital bed, and has an i.v. drip.

MR. HANKEY

Boys, you really came through for me. I don't know how I can ever repay you.

KYLE

We just did what you always taught us - to work together.

STAN

Solidarity, remember?

Mr. Hankey smiles winningly.

CARTMAN

Come on, dudes. My movie starts in ten minutes.

STAN

(noticing)

Mr. Garrison!

Mr. Garrison appears, wearing swimming goggles, a snorkel and flippers.

MR. GARRISON

(sheepishly)

Oh, uh, hi boys.

CARTMAN

What are you doing down here in the sewer, Mr. Garrison?

MR. GARRISON

Oh, well, it's very complicated. I'm, uh, working on the frfahbm for the sbmbmpy.

KYLE/STAN/CARTMAN

Huh? What?

MR. GARRISON

Gotta go now.

Mr. Garrison takes off. The Boys look to each other in confusion.

EXT. THEATER - DAY

The marquee reads "TWO DOLLAR SPECIAL: THE ADVENTURES OF MR. HANKEY."

INT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Along with the Boys, we watch "The Adventures of Mr. Hankey."

Mr. Hankey is now a MONKEY with a sailor's cap. He and BRUCE WILLIS are in an industrial warehouse, squaring off with a bunch of THUGS.

BRUCE WILLIS

Eighteen pissed-off dudes with monkey wrenches, and what do I got? One stinkin' monkey.

(to Mr. Hankey)

Well, Hankey, let's go ape.

Bruce Willis and Mr. Hankey go all Jackie Chan on the thugs. Hankey is swinging the nunchucks, and Bruce is taking it on the chin.

KYLE

(getting up to leave)

This is just a bunch of Hollywood crap, Cartman!

CARTMAN

What's your point?

KYLE

Hollywood killed one of my best friends this week, and they almost killed two!

CARTMAN

Dudes, check it out. This is the part where five guys get decapitated!

We see the Boys' faces as they watch. We hear a SLICE. SLICE. SLICE. SLICE. SLICE.

KYLE

(laughing, taking his seat)

Whoa! That's awesome!

CARTMAN

Yeah. Hollywood kicks ass.

THE END